

SONNET XVI.



YEA, that accursed Deed, before
unsealed, Is argument of thy first
constancy ! Which if thou hadst to me
before revealed ; I had not pleaded in
such fervency, Yet this delights, and
makes me triumph much. That mine
Heart, in her body lies imprisoned! For,
'mongst all bay-crowned conquerors, no
such Can make the slavish captive boast
him conquered. Except PARTHENOPHE ;
whose fiery gleams
(Like JOVE'S swift lightning raging, which
rocks pierceth) Heating them inly with his
sudden beams, And secret golden mines with
melting searseth Eftsoons with cannon, his
dread rage rehearseth; Yet nought seems
scorched, in apparent sight* So first. She
secret burnt; then, did affright!

SONNET XVII.



Ow then succeedeth that, amid
this woe,
(Where Reason's sense doth from
my soul divide)
By these vain lines, my fits be specified;
Which from their endless ocean, daily
flow ? Where was it born ? Whence, did
this humour grow.
Which, long obscured with melancholy's
mist,
Inspires my giddy brains unpurified
So lively, with sound reasons, to
persist In framing tuneful Elegies,
and Hymns
For her, whose names my Sonnets note
so trims;
That nought but her chaste name so
could assist ? And my Muse in first
tricking out her limbs,
Found in her lifeless Shadow such
delight;
That yet She shadows her, when as I
write.